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Miscellaneous.

From the Metropolitan.

Sketch from Mexico.

It was a fine looking, but deadly broiling noon on the sea coast of Vera Cruz, when the jolly boat of the Mexican frigate "Libertad" pushed off for the ominous island of Sacrificios. What condition this miserable patch of distempered sand may be in now, we cannot say: at the period we allude to, it was a most wretched place, whose only inhabitants were lizards, turkey buzzards, vermin of all classes and grades, a "garrison" of half a score of ragged Mexican soldiers, and several negroes, who kept huts where fiery *aguardiente* drams and rank Campeachy cigars were vended. It was a glorious place for the orgies of the yellow fever. Human bones were strewn about in all directions.

The boat of the national frigate, that was now pulling for the island, was like anything but a British man-of-war's boat. A midshipman in a broad straw hat, with one side of the brim bent down and held between his teeth to keep off the sun's rays that glared upon the sea, was lolling in the stern sheets, puffing a long cigar from the other corner of his mouth. He seemed to be thinking as little of the "sickly season," as of his present duty. His blue jacket was like those worn in our own service, except the Mexican eagle and serpent upon the button; but there was a perfusion of gold lace upon his white kerseymere trowsers, whose purity was in a rapid way of defacement from the hot ashes of the cigar which continued to fall as the boat rode over the unequal waves occasioned by a coming "norther." His boat's crew consisted of an English cockswain and three half-naked *costas*. A man-of-war's boat, with three oars, is a very fine sight indeed! It spoke volumes for the state of the Mexican navy. At the bottom of the boat lay two Mexican marines at full length, and guarded by four others, with loaded muskets, and a serjeant. One of the prisoners was amusing himself with certain small and interesting intruders in the region of his dark matted locks; the other was fast asleep. They had been found guilty of insubordination and mutiny against an officer, and were ordered ashore to be shot.

Their ostensible offense was not, however, the only cause of their present sentence. There was a *secret* cause that had excited the officer's most deadly enmity against them. Availing himself of the very lax morality of the country, the said officer, partly by bribes to her parents, but more by promises that were poetically magnificent and equally fabulous of result, had possessed himself of a pretty coal-eyed *nina* from the interior, who had now been under his fostering wing some six months. Pablo, her lover, who was a young *paysano*, had quickly followed and entered the national marine, in the hope of discovering some day, by watching the movements of his officer, in what quarter of Vera Cruz his lost fair one was secreted. This he was not long in effecting, as the town is small, and at this period was very thinly inhabited, owing to the sickly season, and also to the frequent firing of the Castle of St. Juan Ulloa, which was not then subjugated. The officer not being aware of the previous acquaintance of Pablo with his beautiful Indian, though he was well aware that his bribe to her parents had rendered some young suitor miserable as well as herself, took no measures to keep him out of the town by extra duties on board gun-boats or other vessels, so that frequent meetings between the lovers ensued.

Don Jose, the captain of marines, was a man very much addicted to falling in love; and though by no means intending to return his first fair one to her parents, had recently become desperately enamored of the wife of one of his men, named Perez, who had been long in the service, but was descended from some old Castilian "stock" or "blade" in the Spanish armies. Don Jose finding the object of his new passion impregnable to all his assaults, scornfully refusing his bribes, and laughing at his lies, made an end of the siege one fine dark windy night, and carried her off by force to a distant quarter of the town. Meantime he took especial care to keep her husband continually afloat, "on duty."

Perez, however, with all the acuteness of Argus-eyed jealousy, soon discovered what was transpiring ashore. He meditated sundry schemes of signal revenge; but upon mature reflection, not finding any of them to his mind, he determined, with all the patience of one who has a fixed pur-

pose, to wait till he could effect it entirely to his wish.

Perez and Pablo were shortly after transferred, with a few other marines, on board the schooner Tampico; when accidentally becoming acquainted with their mutual wrongs, they agreed to take the next opportunity, when ashore, of waylaying our sea-landsman Lothario. The consequence was, that Don Jose narrowly escaped with his life from the hand of the justly vindictive Perez; and seeking refuge and consolation a short time after at the abode of his first youthful victim, was met at the door by her lover Pablo, who threatened certain death if he attempted to enter, then—or at any future period. Don Jose drew his sword fiercely; but recollecting that his rank made its use unnecessary in this case, retired to the guard-house, and sending a party of his men to seize Pablo, had him quickly shipped off to the Libertad frigate as a prisoner. Here he was soon joined by Perez, who was in a similar predicament; and a summary courtmartial having tried them, without any weight being attached to their half-heard defense, they were ordered the punishment of death, for offering violence to the person of their commanding officer.

In pursuance of this sentence, they were now being conveyed to Sacrificios for execution next morning at day-break. The boat landed them with their guards, and then pulled off again for the frigate.

The crew of the Libertad (though the naval officers were all English) was composed of an ungainly mixture of Portuguese, French, and Mexicans; some called "marineros," others in the shape of marines; and British seamen. A party of the latter had been to Sacrificios in the morning with the launch, and having given their officer "the slip," had congregated in the negro huts, and there treated themselves and the Mexican raggamuffin soldiers from the dilapidated guard-house, with plentiful potations *aguardiente*—to drink King George's health! When the prisoners arrived, the "soldiery" were in a very disorderly state; staggering about proudly, striking their breasts and exclaiming, "Mejicano! Mejicano!" and occasionally by way of gratitude for their exhilarated condition, mingling the name of his Britannic majesty, pronounced "*ad libitum*." The interfer-

accompanies the sudden transition of feeling of the new comers, who claimed more authority than was due to their rank, upon the impertinent score of being quite sober, gradually induced a disturbance and broil, during which the two prisoners escaped, and made off to a remote part of the island.

Upon such a place as Sacrificios it was scarcely possible that they could remain long undiscovered; and to leave it was equally beyond hope. The two men, however, hid themselves in a hole under the lee of a hot and crumbling sand bank. Here, in hoarse whispers, they spoke of their approaching fate, and at sunset they had come to the following determination.

Though sentence of death had been passed, it had nevertheless been left at the option of Don Jose to pardon either, or both, if he pleased; the offense, though not investigated, being evidently of a private and not a public nature. If, therefore, one of them could kill him when he came to Sacrificios to enforce their sentence, the other taking care previously to surrender himself at the guard-house, so as to prevent his implication, it was very probable that the latter would be pardoned, and the former only suffer. Who should do the deed was settled in a very characteristic manner. The Mexicans are most confirmed gamblers; and as to death, they are as careless about it as can be imagined of any people. Perez drew forth a very small and dirty pack of Spanish cards, and they agreed to play for every thing they possessed; (this may seem "forced and unnatural" to the Great Cockaigne;) when the one who lost all his money, silver buttons, trinkets, cigars, and clothes, though the latter only were not to be taken, should kill Don Jose by any means he could, either secretly that night, if he came there, or openly the next morning.

And thus in ghastly silence, at the dusk of evening, while the sound of the sea upon the near shore come surging low upon the ear, exchanging nods and looks at each other, indicative of the progress of the game—oft pausing to listen if those who were searching for them were approaching their hiding place,—did these two men sit crouching in the sandy hole, with their knees touching each other, and their eyes bent close down upon the obscure oracular cards, to decipher their fate as they alternately displayed them in the fast-fading light.

By the time the moon was an hour high, Perez had won every thing belonging to his comrade. He accordingly rose, and receiving from him his money, consisting of a quarter dollar and sundry medios, his buttons, tobacco, half a pack of cards, three gilt rings, and two rosarios ornamented with tinsel and little green silk tassels, they embraced each other several times, with looks of sensibility and affectionate intelligence—that perhaps had never before been expressed upon their features—and parted.

Perez immediately betook himself, by a short cut to the guard-house, and surrender-

to load. While they were doing so with dancing soldiers, and a sedate, towering drunk corporal. The rest, who could stand, were all out in pursuit, headed by Don Jose, who had subsequently arrived on the island.

Meantime Pablo, after a pause to collect himself for the accomplishment of the deed that had thus devolved upon him slowly and cautiously moved forth to reconnoiter. He had not proceeded far, when he heard the sound of approaching men, forming one of the parties that were in search of him and his comrade. As they came nearer, he clearly distinguished the shrill harsh voice of Don Jose. The young Mexican made a rapid yet noiseless descent to the sea-shore, along which the party were approaching, and heading them before they were well in sight, stole himself into the sea, and swam, or rather floated, as low in the water as possible, till they had passed. He purposed following them, in order to watch his opportunity when Don Jose might be separated a short distance, from his men; but the former manoeuvre was rendered unnecessary by Don Jose seating himself upon a stone to rest, giving orders to the soldiers as to the direction in which they were to search before rejoining him.

They were no sooner out of sight, than Pablo issued from the sea and advanced rapidly towards Don Jose. The latter thought at first that it was a messenger with news of the fugitives; but seeing the glitter of a drawn blade, added to a peculiarity of manner in the approaching figure, he started up and placed himself in a posture of defense. The young Mexican, though new to the service of arms, was most expert, like many of his countrymen from the interior in the use of the knife; and grasping his bayonet in the same style, it became a dreadful weapon in his hands, which nothing but an equal skill in his antagonist's sword could withstand. Don Jose had scarcely time to recognize and call upon him to surrender himself, ere Pablo attacked him with a spirit and vigor that precluded all further parley, not even giving him breath to call for assistance.

The contest was not of long duration.—Don Jose wounded Pablo slightly several times, but fearing to make a thorough-going lunge, because if it failed his own fate was pretty certain, he continued to retire backward a step at a time, till stumbling he fell at his length, and his antagonist, striking the sword from his hand, stood over him with his uplifted weapon.

Don Jose instantly rose upon his knees with his hands elevated to avert the descending point, and begged, his life. Pablo paused a moment indecisive; when remembering his faith plighted to his comrade, he exclaimed,—“No—you shall die as you deserve; but I will not kill you in that attitude. Rise, and take your sword once more, and be quick about it lest your men return.” As he said thus, the young Mexican drew himself not with that degree of abstraction and dignity which generally

in a magnanimous action; when the wily Don Jose sprang upon him like a tiger-cat, and snatching the bayonet from his relaxed hand, thrust it deep into his breast, and Pablo, with one long convulsive gasp, reeled and fell lifeless upon the sand.

Don Jose quickly returned to the guard-house. Finding the other prisoner already in custody, he gave the strictest and most peremptory injunctions as to his safe-keeping, and chuckling with bitter glee at the further satisfaction he should have in the morning, betook himself to rest.

When Perez understood the fate of his comrade, he as readily saw his own, and with one shrug of the shoulders reconciled himself as well as he could to the unlucky disappointment and its consequences. In the course of the night he drew forth a tattered pack of cards, and offered to play with the soldiers who were guarding him for all he had. They thought it would be very easy to win every thing from a man who was to die in the morning, and of course could have no need for, and must be equally careless about losing his money and “valuables.” They were deceived. Perez never played with so much skill as upon this occasion, and his luck, by a freak of fortune common enough in such cases, was unfailing. He made the most hazardous bets and won them; he gave any odds upon any card, and still won. Having nearly possessed himself of all the money, ornaments, and other trumpery of the soldiers, he was obliged to desist, as the dawn was breaking; he therefore gave them in charge to one whom he could depend upon, to be conveyed to his wife in Vera Cruz, together with a short message, between an adieu and an injunction.

At gun-fire aboard the Libertad—from which “the garison” of Sacrificios generally took their “time”—Perez was led forth to execution, with a cigar in his mouth. We do not say that he was insensible to the end that awaited him; but knowing that it was inevitable, his presence of mind was disturbed by no hopes, and his nerves were not of a kind to be shaken by fears. The only thing that superseded indifference, was a bitter sense of the injustice of his fate.—Though a Mexican by birth and parentage, his grandfather had been a soldier of some small rank in Old Spain, and Perez seeing nothing but Mexicans around him, thought he could not show his own contempt of death sufficiently without including the people of the country he was about to “quit,” and who were to be his executioners. A feeling of pride also, from a sense of his wrongs made him ambitious of placing himself above the tools of arbitrary power. As he was being conducted to a convenient distance from the party of marines and soldiers who were to fire at him, he laid his hand upon his breast, with an air of hauteur, as though he had descended from a grandee, exclaiming—“I am a Spaniard!—a Castilian!—not a mongrel Mexican!”

Don Jose, with an enraged voice, ordered the foremost party, who were marines,

ed himself in all humility to three hall-drunk their usual awkwardness, Perez addressed the officer with scornful composure, holding his cigar between a finger and thumb.

"Don Jose, you are a coward. I know it by your having killed Pablo. He was far more expert with his weapon than you with yours: his death must have been effected by some foul trick or practise."

With a furious execration, Don Jose snatched a musket from the hand of the marine nearest him, and fired at his victim. The ball missed him, and Perez with a grim smile, taking a whiff of his cigar, spoke again:

"Don Jose, you were a brutal picaroon to carry off my wife by force, but you were a fool before that, to suppose that she, or any other woman, would have left me, Espanol! Castellano! for such a lizard-faced, spider-limbed thing as you! As to those noisy barrels pointing at me—"

At this moment a volley from the marines silenced him for ever. The ghastly hue of death overspread his countenance, and the blood issued from several parts of his white dress, thrilling down in long branching rills into the sand. With eyes fixed upon Don Jose, he stood a moment—tossed his cigar scornfully upon the ground—and folding his arms, fell backward stone dead, without a groan.

Don Jose returned to his marine corps in Vera Cruz, exulting in the end of his rivals. He did not long enjoy his ill-gotten triumph over his unfortunate men; for a few weeks after, he was found murdered in the streets of Vera Cruz, close by the Santa Fe barrier. The deed was traced without much difficulty, or the lazy "authorities" would never have traced it at all—to the wife of Perez. She was accordingly fined five dollars, and ordered to be imprisoned a fortnight; the triviality of which punishment was not owing to any sense of political or moral justice—that being about the average estimate of the value of a life in Mexico.

VELOCITY OF BALLOONS.—The velocity of 80 miles per hour is that by which the aeronaut Garnerin was carried in his balloon from Ranelagh to Colchester, in June, 1802. It was a strong and boisterous wind, but did not assume the character of a hurricane, although a wind with that velocity is so characterised by Rance's table. In Mr. Green's aerial voyage from Leeds in September, 1823, he traveled 43 miles in 18 minutes, although his balloon rose to the height of more than 4,000 yards.

A NEW POWER.—Mr. Ericson is about to take out a patent for the employment of a new power—that of heated air, in which he offers a saving of fuel of eight-tenths. He has amply proved the practicability of his project; for an engine of one horse power, upon the new principle has been working upon his premises with complete success for the last three months. It has been inspected by the most eminent practical engineers in the country.

To the Elephant

At the Zoological Gardens, which, on a Lady offering him a biscuit on her reticule, containing a Ten Pound Note, conveyed the whole by means of his trunk into his mouth.

DEAR Elephant, it grieves me much to tell
Your conduct has been lately very bad:
An inch being given, sir, to take an ell,
Is, with us humans, deem'd an action sad.

Yours, must we not then as atrocious view,
Such act, towards a lady, quite astounds,
When she, a half-ounce biscuit offered, you
Snapp'd up, with monstrous greediness, ten pounds?

Really, such doings I don't understand,
Unless she owed you ought, and you thought best.

Having no hand, to hold her note of hand,
To put it in your trunk, thence in your chest.

The thing is done—'tis needless to complain—
We trust the lady ceases too look cross—
As you will easily digest the gain,
May she as easily digest the loss.

Life is a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perishes if one be dried. It is a silver chord twisted with a thousands strings that parts asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded with innumerable changes which makes it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish at last. We are accompanied with accidents ever ready to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by the hand of nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death—health is made to operate in its own destruction—the food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay—the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its actions—death lies in ambush about all our paths.

THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—These banks extend over a space of forty thousand miles, and from thirty to forty-five fathoms below the surface of the ocean. The shoals are inhabited by innumerable tribes of muscles and clams, to which it is a favorite residence, as they can easily bury their shells in the soft sand. They have enemies to contend with. Codfish resort to this coast to prey upon them. They keep a constant watch, and swim about a foot above the submarine sands, and when a muscle opens its shell it is immediately seized and devoured. At other times the fish do not wait; they are provided with a horny protuberance round their mouths, and with this they burrow in the sand and capture the muscle in the shell. The fishermen of various nations who resort to these banks, take annually from eight to ten millions of fish, and on opening them they find the remains of fifty muscles in each, either wholly or partially dissolved. The first care of the fishermen after taking their stations, is to ascertain the depth of water as the lines must be regulated so as to lie on the bottom, where the fish are always engaged in this species of submarine war.

Stanzas.

We parted, not as lovers part,
No tear was in thine eye;
No mantling blush was on thy cheek,
Thy bosom breathed no sigh.
Yet was there something in thine air,
That seemed to all unmoved;
Something that told my bursting heart,
Dearest, that I was loved.

For when I took thy gentle hand,
To breathe my last adieu,
Methought within my trembling clasp,
That white hand trembled too.
And when, too, from my faltering tongue,
The parting accents fell,
Thou did'st not—dearest, can it be,
Thou could'st not?—say, farewell!

Forgive if I have boldly erred,
If fancy 'twere alone
That stayed thy voice, and lent thy hand
The tremors of my own,
Forgive, forgive the daring thought,
Forgive the hope, the love,
That bids me seek thee once again,
My bliss or woe to prove.

The first duel that was ever fought in the Union, was in New England. In 1621, a year after the first settlement of these States two servants, burning with fierce resentment against each other, chose what was then called the "honorable way" in France and England, of quenching their enmity. They met on the field—bravely fought—but both escaped unhurt. The puritans of those days instantly siezed them, and for such "a misleidyng and ungodlie crime against the peace and good order of their societies," they condemned the wicked transgressors to be tied hand and foot, and to wholly abstain, for the space of twenty-four hours, from drink and food.

FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Eudoxus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures.

The Persians, Phenicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged their ancestors were once without the use of fire; the Chinese confessed the same of their progenitors. Pomponius, Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations, who at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had but just learnt it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern relations.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1521, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw it on the descent of Magellan on one of their islands. At first they believed it to be a kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our days, with some nations in this deplorable state.—*Parker's Chemical Essays.*

He that makes himself an ass, must not take it ill if men ride him.

From the Amaranth.

A Peep at Phrenology.

Among the many discoveries which have astonished the world, none *promises* more good to mankind than the science of Phrenology. And had the discoverer lived in the time of Greece or Rome, his name would undoubtedly have come down to us with gods and demi-gods sculptured in marble, and immortalized in song. Even in this degenerate age of the world, when men have become less credulous and less ready to deify a mortal, he will not fail of a reward adequate to the importance of his discovery, when mankind shall come fully to appreciate its value. Long had a golden age been foretold by the seer, and sung by the poet, and yet hardly a star of hope glimmered on the horizon until Phrenology appeared.

Something of this kind has long been a desideratum in science. It seems to lie at the bottom of all education, and to be the foundation of all knowledge. The world seems to have begun its discoveries at the wrong end, and to have discovered every thing before that which it should have discovered first. For this reason it has made but little advances in knowledge. But had Phrenology been the first discovered science, the world, instead of just commencing its search for knowledge, had long ere this reached the *ultima-thule*. But, unluckily for mankind, this was not the case. Before they should find the key of knowledge, they were destined to look in every place but the right.

So signal a discovery, coming too at the very time when the world seemed to be taking a retrograde movement, and her sages and philosophers had lain down in despair, should call forth the most lively gratitude from the friends of humanity and the votaries of science and truth. Instead of murmuring that the discovery came so late, we should be thankful that it came at all.

But that we may have a more definite idea of the great debt of gratitude which the world owes or is about to owe to the projector of this *sublime* science, we will consider separately some of the principal advantages which phrenology *promises*.

Phrenology boasts itself to be "the only true philosophy of the mind." From this all its other advantages must spring. Long have philosophers speculated and theorized about the mind. Theory has overturned theory, and speculation speculation; and still, after the lapse of ages, we find that but little has been accomplished. The first set of philosophers, who turned their attention to the mind, contented themselves with forming ingenious theories about it. The second, somewhat wiser, endeavored to learn the primitive qualities of the mind from their operations and effects. But the last, and *altogether* the wisest class, not content with the slow process of reasoning from effect to cause, went directly to work at the first principles themselves. They commenced at the *cranium*, (where reason would have taught any one to go to work,

to discover the qualities of the *mind*), and there found a great number of bumps, corresponding to these different faculties. For every faculty they found a bump: and, if more faculties be discovered hereafter, phrenologists will undoubtedly find many more bumps.

Now it must at once be perceived that phrenology has made a fine abridgment of the study of human nature. We may now study ourselves and mankind around us, not by the slow process of careful and accurate observation, but by a shorter and surer method—the *feeling of craniums*. "The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope; but little thought he, how fine an abridgment was to be made of the then long and intricate study of that curious animal. Little dreamed he, that his "essay" would be so soon thrown away for a skull; and that, what then long and patient observation only could discover, the hidden springs of human action, the deep and secret windings of the human heart, were to be found written in legible characters upon the *cranium*. Had he been aware of this, or had it been his happy lot to have lived beneath "the uncreated light" of the heaven-born science of phrenology, he would have been spared the labor of so long an "essay," and would, doubtless, have comprised his whole treatise in these two lines:

"The proper study of mankind is man.
And to study him his *cranium* scan."

From this abridgment of the study of man, it will be at once admitted on all hands, that innumerable benefits must inevitable flow. How large a share of our disappointments and unhappiness originates in a mistaken opinion of those around us? How often are we assailed by "wolves in sheep's clothing," or terrified by "the ass in the lion's skin?" In a supposed friend, how often do we clasp to our bosoms a fiend? And all this, because we are deceived by outside and show. But if we are longer deceived it must be our own fault. Phrenology has come to our aid, and if we reject its light, we shall deservedly remain in the dark. It has written every man's faults and virtues on his *cranium* "so that he who runs may read," or, rather may *feel*.

How delightful must be the state of society where the principles of phrenology shall be believed and acted upon. Our rulers and all our officers of government will be elected by phrenology. In vain then will intriguing politicians strive for office. The inquiry will be, not who have distinguished themselves by their actions, but who are distinguished for their *bumps*. We then may have men of good principles, that is, of *good bumps*, which will soon be synonymous terms.

All crime too may be prevented, by putting into the state prison all those of bad principles, or which is the same thing, all those who have bad bumps. A committee might be chosen in every town to examine the heads of children, and where they dis-

cover dangerous bumps, to give immediate information to the proper authorities, that such children might be secured. And we must not be surprised, if, in this age of improvements, to remove all danger of crime, it be found necessary, Pharos-like, to appoint persons to destroy, not exactly all the male children, but all the children of both sexes having *dangerous bumps*. And all this improvement is to be ascribed to phrenology.

One of the greatest benefits, however, to result from this science, and one which will effectually remove all the present sources of domestic infelicity, (and here I have probably been anticipated by all ladies and gentlemen unmarried,) is the great assistance it will afford all unmarried, in choosing their companions for life. The present system of courtship is said to be little more than the parties endeavoring to conceal from each other their defects, and setting their good qualities in the most favorable light. Hence, it occurs that the loving couple are often most grossly deceived with regard to each other, even after a long acquaintance. But now the business of courtship, sometimes a seven years' seige, will be reduced to the work of a few hours only.

I have heard of an old bachelor, who put so firm a confidence in the truth of phrenology, that, on finding he had the bumps of philoprogenitiveness and adhesiveness, and several other nesses, particularly calculated for the married state, well developed, came to the conclusion that he was not fulfilling the station designed for him by nature; and, setting out in search of a wife with his phrenological volume and bust under his arm, made choice of, and married, an old maid he had before most cordially detested.

If this be one of the beneficial consequences of phrenology, how many hearts will once more beat high with hope, that have long since throbbed low with despondency! The motto, "never give up the ship," will be heard through every village. The mold will be brushed from boots, and the dust shaken from curls, that have long been thrown aside in despair. Already does the throb of anticipation begin to freshen cheeks whose beauty is on its wane, and the light of possibility to brighten eyes whose luster has been dimmed. We shall hear no more of "*setting caps*," but *setting bumps*. The locks will be combed and the hair adjusted so as to display all the good bumps to the best advantage.

As an improvement or appendix to this science, I have understood that a machine has been somewhere constructed for compressing the skull into any shape required; and if the experiments, which I hear are there being made, prove successful, there can be no limits to the benefits which shall arise from phrenology. Every one, then, can have his *cranium* so compressed as to render him great and distinguished. Then shall we not want for Ciceros, Shakspeares, Miltons, Byrons, or Scotts?

But supposing this improvement or appendix not to succeed, it is impossible to refrain from glancing at the changes which phrenology must make in our present systems of education. Every person will then be educated for exact station for which nature had designed him. Were this the case, how many who now occupy our seminaries, and have been vainly laboring for years to fill their brainless heads with knowledge, should we discover exchanging the college for the potato field, the "gown of black" for the "frock of tow," and the book for the hoe and shovel.

NAT. BUMP.

The Pitch Lake.

At Point La Braye, in Trinidad, are seen masses of pitch, which look like rocks among the foliage. At the small hamlet of La Braye a considerable quantity of the coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The Pitch Lake is situated on the side of a hill, 80 feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it. The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and on emerging from it the spectator stands upon the border of what at a first glance appears to be a lake containing many wooded islets, but which, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep and full of water. The pitch at the side of the lake is perfectly hard and cool, but as one walks towards the middle, with the shoes off in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated that it is necessary to dance up and down in a ridiculous manner.—The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along, the impression of the feet remain on the surface of the pitch. During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake nearly, but in the hot season a great part of it is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance; is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch. In standing still on the lake near the center for some time, the surface gradually sinks, until it forms a great bowl as it were, and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake, it is then high time to get out. Some time ago a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch for the purpose of transporting it to England; the casks were rolled on the lake, and the hands commenced filling; but a piratical looking craft appearing in the offing, the frigate and all hands went in

chase—on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared.

Science is at a loss how to account for such an extraordinary phenomenon as this pitch lake, for it does not seem to occupy the mouth of an exhausted crater, neither is the hill on which it is situated of volcanic origin, for its basis is clay. The flow of pitch from this lake is immense: the whole country around, except near the bay of Crapo, which is protected by a hill, being covered with it; and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of any man, although the principle of motion still exists in the center of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which had hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up in large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth. Many experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose.—Admiral Cochrane, who was possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship-loads of it to England, but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained, that in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil would exceed the price of pitch in England. A second attempt was made by a company styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England, but finding that Admiral Cochrane had failed and being convinced that any further attempt would be useless, the matter dropped.—*Spirit of the Age.*

From the Pearl.

My Uncle.

My uncle was a bachelor. A grievous sin and grievously hath my uncle answered it. He was not a bachelor from necessity, for I have often heard him say, many a fair damsel had cast a liquorish eye on his goodly proportions in his younger days; but then he was constitutionally retiring in female society, always diffident to a degree when in the presence of the other sex, until he was fairly brought to bear, upon any meeting or trial he dreaded, when he bore it like a man. Not so when in the company of his fellow men—there he was bold, daring, resolute, and carried his head so free, and stood so unawed, and unabashed in their high places, he had acquired the name among them, of a stern and resolute man. But take him in his every day walk among the ladies, he was shy and reserved; and with them he had acquired the unenviable reputation of a bashful old bachelor.

To look at him as he passed through the streets in all the dignified importance of a bachelor of forty-five, with cane in hand, and head erect, you would mentally exclaim—'there goes a man of some decision,' for his step was firm, his eye unquailing, and he pressed forward like one who had important business to transact, and knew

how to transact it. But to see him when he met a lady in his walk! his whole manner was changed—his erect port, and stately carriage were lost in a crouching walk, and an averted face—his hand shook as he set his cane tremulously on the paving stone, and his whole frame would shiver as if he felt an approaching ague. And if that lady should prove an acquaintance his agitation would increase ten-fold—his knees would literally knock together like Belshazzar's of old, and his walk become so unsteady, you would be tempted to spring towards him, as to a fainting man; and as he passed her, his body corporate would irresistibly incline to the outer edge of the walk, and while his hand was tremblingly raised, to lift with reverent respect his beaver from his brow, you might see huge drops of perspiration standing on his forehead, proof positive of his infirmity, while his whole countenance was of an ashy paleness. No wonder then my uncle was a bachelor.

My uncle was called a handsome man.—A broad high forehead—black eyes—a roman nose, and a mouth like that on the picture of Dr. Franklin I used to see in my father's hall—a well shaped person, and of a goodly carriage. Added to these personal charms my uncle was possessed of a handsome estate, that is for the time and place in which he lived. He lived—I well remember it!—in a two story house as neatly whitewashed as any in the country, in the rear of which flourished the best orchard within fifty miles. Beside all this it was shrewdly whispered by the good wives in the neighborhood, that he had a snug sum of hard dollars lying dormant in some distant bank, which only waited the prudent hand of some discreet wife, to be most equitably distributed among the itinerant venders of ladies gear.

No wonder all these accomplishments rendered my uncle an object for the match makers of our village to exercise their innocent propensities upon, and had not his almost unconquerable diffidence in all female matters, kept him completely, or at least as far as human nature can be, completely woman-proof, he would, long ere the time of which I am writing, have been seduced over the Rubicon which all Bachelors must pass to enter the blessed state of matrimony, and have discovered that woman is, after all, an animal not much to be dreaded.

Many and manifold were the attempts made by his neighbor spinsters, to bring him to their feet and make him 'pop the question,' but his reservedness, and his taciturn demeanor, brought forth such short replies to their cunning inuendoes, they totally failed.

But,—my pen runs like a race horse as I write it—at the age of seven and forty,—what mortal man is proof!—my uncle received a severe wound, from the well aimed shaft of Cupid, on the left side, where his fluttering heart was supposed in days gone by, to have resided.

My uncle received the shot as well as he

was able; he kicked against the pricks for a while, and tugged most manfully to root out the new impression in his heart, but all in vain—the shaft stuck—the wound was deep. The fountain of his affections was at last opened, and a stream bubbled out as plentiful as ever ran from the rock of Horeb. Finding it was his fate to be in love, and knowing it to be of no use, to rebel against fate, what could my uncle do? Why, nothing, and he did it as well as he could; and like a wise and reasonable man, he surrendered himself at discretion.

But the object of his affections! Blessings on us, how exceedingly eccentric and unreasonable is this love! Reader, if you are proprietor of a white pocket-handkerchief, get it ready, for you will have occasion to use it—the object of my uncle's ardent affections was none other than the ice-bound and frigid Miss Mehitable Hardcastle, spinster of our village, aged—blank!—A maiden who had felt the frosts of many a winter pass over her head, each succeeding one adding another coat of ice to that heart, which nature had made so unconquerably frigid in the outset, it seemed beyond the power of years to harden it more. But so it was—it had grown harder and harder, until it had become very rock.—The fountain of her affections, if, indeed, she was ever possessed of any, had long since been frozen up, and it would need something as potent as was the rod of Moses, to bring forth any emotion there from, for the icy temple of her heart was one which no passion could ever penetrate.—She seemed built on a different model from the rest of her class—she had no passions to gratify, either of love or hatred, pity or remorse. She was indeed a wonder. The slightest symptom of feeling had never been discovered to emanate from her person, and she utterly despised every shadow of the hiatus called Love, as determinedly as my uncle despised an evil deed.

'Oh the mysterious power of Love!' what on earth could have induced the spiteful little god to withhold a shot from so prominent a target as Miss Mehitable Hardcastle, after so injudiciously piercing the fluttering heart of my bashful uncle. But I greatly fear the shot would have been void and of none effect, for the iron heart of the damsel, would most certainly have blunted the dart, or turned it aside upon some more penetrable specimen of loveliness. But thus the matter stood. She was marble, my uncle, butter. They could no more assimilate, than could a bowl mix and assimilate with the cream contained within it.

My uncle was a reasonable man in most matters. He thought this matter over duly, and pondered upon it deliberately; for the hard-heartedness of the damsel was proverbial, and he knew the strength of the castle wherein was lodged, locked up, doubly barred, and secured, all the warm feelings that belonged to the object of his affections. He knew it must be a strong man, and a

bold, that could attack the citadel, and he must be in truth a lucky one, who succeeded in effecting a lodgment within its walls. How then was he, above all others, who feared all female kind as zealously as a Scotch parson fears the evil one, how was he to attack successfully so well-defended, and strongly guarded a fortress as was the heart of his beloved. The prospect was appalling. An ordinary man would have sunk under it, but it only urged my uncle on.

These things preyed upon his mind continually, and fed the embers of his love until it became a perfect blaze. Many a time has my uncle sat on a long winter evening, gazing earnestly in the fire, and thinking over the serious difficulties he had to encounter, until there his excited imagination would oft time picture the face of his fair one glowing forth from some ignited coal before him, and he has gazed, until he fancied himself already in her company—her hand clasped in his—the fearful words said—the question popped; and, as the coal settled lazily down in its bed of ashes, he would fancy the fair Mehitable, with a face glowing with virgin blushes, sinking softly into her easy chair, overcome with maiden modesty, as her trembling lips faintly sighed out the welcome 'yes.' Then my uncle's eyes would wander in ecstasy among the embers of his declining fire, until his bewildered fancy pictured a happy and numerous family growing up around him; prominent in the group stood his eldest son, the heir of his estate, affectionately cheering his fair Mehitable, who now with matron brow and staid deportment, was performing the duties of her household.

Happy! thrice happy! was my uncle in these blessed moments! But as he started from his reverie, and gazed around the silent room, where neither wife nor child stood to comfort him, the loneliness of his situation would come over him with appalling truth, and he would feel a void in his heart, which his reason plainly told him could only be filled by the subject of his waking dreams. Then would my uncle feel a yearning after the happy family that existed but in the embers, or, as I might say, in embryo, and he would inwardly resolve that the next day should see him at the door of the mother of his imaginative family, praying her consent to make him the 'happiest of men.'

But this state of things was not to be borne. My uncle felt it in his very bones; and worked up almost to desperation, he resolved to 'pop the question' and either reject the happy visions of future felicity that filled his mind, or bring them at once into realities.

It was one pleasant afternoon—I remember it as if 'twere yesterday—It was a very pleasant afternoon my uncle had fixed upon for deciding his fate and ending his troubles, and either enter upon a new scene of action, and become happy in the state of matrimony or reject all thoughts of it, and live a

happy life as a bachelor. And my uncle was a determined man, he could do either of these things if he resolved to do them, let him be ever so deep in the mire of love.

Methinks I see him now, as he stood before the glass on that memorable day, shaving his care worn face, nicely cutting off every individual hair that was unseemly, and trimming so close to the incipient whisker that curled by either ear, you would have sworn 'twas done by that renowned barber of yore, who cut so close he shaved three days under the skin. And then his boots. My eyes! what a polish! Imagination could hardly picture any thing so brilliant, they shone with a gloss, which would have made Day & Martin die with envy, could they have seen them—the white stocking—the brilliant knee buckle—the velvet inexpressible—the satin vest—oh they are all before me now—pure—perfect—inimitable!

And the coat! the coat! Oh that a tailor of the present day could see that coat—there never was a fellow to it—there never will be—without spot or blemish it was all perfection—it was indeed a very paragon of coats—from the top of the collar to the bottom of that majestic skirt,—not a particle of lint—not a speck to sully its purity—not the slightest shadow of a wrinkle—all—

all was perfection! But my admiration of the apparel hath made me lose sight of the man. After laboriously combing his head, and placing every individual hair in its proper place, he assiduously evened the nap on his new beaver and sallied forth.

My uncle's mind was made up—and for once he looked forward to meeting a woman without trembling, and his whole demeanour was firm and correct. Being a man of few words he resolved to 'pop the question' at once—as soon as he should arrive at the door; and that, should he be so lucky as to have her come to receive him at the threshold, before he crossed it, he would have his future fate decided—yea or nay.

His foot was on the step—his hand was on the knocker, and it moved mechanically—but the fluttering of his wounded heart against his ribs, rapped louder than any noise he had made with the knocker.—Once more he raised his hand and two distinct raps was the consequence. Presently the inside door opened—he heard the creaking shoes of Miss Mehitable approaching him—now came the awful moment big with the fate of a future generation—the outside door opened—and Miss Mehitable Hardcastle stood before him, in all the awful reality of life and womanhood. My uncle's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—he hesitated—but his heart whispered—'out with it—pop it at once!' He essayed. After the first word bubbled up from his throat the rest followed like hot shot.

'Miss—Hardcastle—'

'Sir!'

'Do you want to change your situation?'

'No Sir!'

'Neither do I' bellowed my uncle—

He turned on his heel, and went his way rejoicing to be free.' He was another man,—and as he rapidly left 'the presence,' he breathed forth a sigh like a horse, which blew all his love to air and involuntarily exclaimed—

'Thank heaven! that load's off my stomach!'

From that moment my uncle became himself once more. He resolved to live a happy life in proud independence—alone—His love was gone forever.

"Like a full ear of corn
That scap'd the frost, but's wither'd in the ripening."

But my uncle withered not, though his love did. He grew fat—he smoked a pipe—he took to drinking old port, and the last time I saw him he was a hale hearty old bachelor of sixty-five. *M.*

The Captive Boy.

All who are conversant with the early history of our country will recollect that our frontier settlements were, many years ago, before the power of the aborigines was broken and subdued, frequently laid waste and desolate by the incursions of the Indians, who, not content with pillaging and destroying what property lay in their way, marked their footsteps with blood, and made captives of all whom gluttony or caprice induced them to spare.

It happened in one of these incursions that a young man by the name of Bird, with his wife and child, an infant boy of about six months old, was made prisoner. The quantity of plunder in possession of the savages, making the assistance of the unfortunate father and mother important, their lives were spared for the sole purpose of assisting in carrying it off. They were shown their burdens and directed to follow. The mother knowing the fate which in these circumstances awaited her infant, should it be discovered, contrived to conceal it from her inhuman captors, and having wrapped it up in her burden, close to her breast, journeyed towards the wilderness sorrowing no doubt, but invoking the protection of Him whose almighty arm can succor the most unfortunate, and deliver in the greatest peril.

After traveling from sunrise until late at night, through a long summer's day, the party arrived at an Indian village, and the captives being secured, the Indians threw themselves on the ground and were soon asleep; but it may well be supposed that Bird and his wife, even after so much fatigue, felt little disposition to close their eyes. How they might escape, alone occupied their minds, they matured their plan and put it into execution, but to avoid recapture required even more vigilance and resolution than it required ingenuity and strength to free themselves from the cords that bound them.

They however set out, and with their

helpless babe, which, as by a miracle, they had still succeeded in preserving unnoticed, began at midnight to retrace their steps; but before day, fatigue, anxiety and the want of nourishment so completely exhausted them both, that they found the following dilemma placed before them—the child must be left in the wilderness or they must remain and perish with it. The morning was already streaking the east with grey, and they knew that their flight must have been already discovered! they knew, too, the characters they had to deal with, and that to escape there was not a moment's time to be lost. Distracted with opposing resolutions, a sense of duty to themselves finally prevailed over the parent's fondness; the mother for the last time, pressed the innocent offspring to her breast, bedewed its unconsciously smiling cheek with tears, and sat it down on the green bank of a little tinkling rill to perish, where as she cast a last anguishing look, after she left it, she saw it scrambling after the flowers that grew around it.

The father and mother escaped to the settlements, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a large party of his neighbors and returned to the spot where the child had been left—but it was gone; and in the lapse of years, blessed with riches and a numerous progeny, the parents ceased to weep over their lost boy.

Fifteen summers had smiled upon the harvests, when, in a treaty with a distant tribe of Indians, an article of which bound them to deliver up any captives that might be in their possession, a boy was put into the charge of the commissioners on the part of the whites, with the declaration that he was a white, found in infancy upon the very spot where young Bird had been left. He was sent to his parents, who immediately recognized him by a remarkable scar on his right hand, which he had received in his father's house.

The measure of the parent's joy was full—but the boy wandered through the rich possessions of his father without a smile.—His bow and his blanket was his only joy. He despised alike, the dress, the habits and the luxuries that were proffered him; and his mind constantly brooded over the forest scenes and sports in which he had passed his boyhood. Vain were all attempts to wean him from his native habits—and as vain the efforts to obliterate the recollections of his adopted home from his mind.—While persuasion and indulgence were resorted to, he modestly acquiesced; but when force was tried, and he was compelled to change his blanket for the garment of civilized life, and his favorite bow for a book, he grew sullenly discontented; and at last was missing in his father's house. He was seen the same evening, arrayed in the Indian garb, crossing a distant mountain, and bending his course towards the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this event, that Mr. Bird and his wife now advanced somewhat in years, removed to a

new settlement, where Mr. Bird had purchased a tract of land, at a great distance from their former residence; and while a more commodious building was erecting, they inhabited a small hut adjacent to a thick wood. One day the old lady was left alone, the men of the neighborhood having gone to a distance of several miles to assist at a raising, she saw from her door several armed and painted Indians approaching her. Alarmed, but resolute, she seized a hatchet, and ascended a ladder into the loft of the dwelling, drew it up after her, and determined to defend herself to the last.

The savages entered and finding their efforts to entice her down were vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after her; but the first hand that was through the trap-door was severed by the intrepid heroine, and an alarm being taken at the moment that the whites were coming, the Indians retreated, and disappeared in the woods instantly; while almost at the same moment Mr. Bird and his party came in sight.

But scarcely had the deliverers of her life approached, before Mrs. Bird's eye caught sight of the severed hand, and lo! there appeared the scarred right hand of her eldest son.

Such is the story of the Captive Boy; and from it I drew the inference that it is habit that endears the savage to his wilds; that teaches him to love his own pursuits; and to delight in blood and treachery; and that between the natural passions, affections and dispositions of men, there is no difference, except such as is created by education and custom.

The Tablet.

Extract of a letter to the editor, from a gentleman in Charleston.

"On Christmas day, I went into the country a few miles from Charleston, to the residence of one of my old classmates. Never did I experience more real hospitality than I met with there. To see the Southern gentleman in his element, you should visit him on his plantation. His generous hospitality is unbounded; and he devotes himself to your gratification and amusement with so much real politeness, that you must enjoy yourself. A Christmas in a Carolina settlement, is to the stranger no ordinary holiday of the heart. It is a festival at which, even those on whose heads the almond tree flourishes, meet with the young and beautiful, among whom the stranger receives so cordial a welcome, that he will feel for a time at home, although that loved spot may be a thousand miles away. So innocently unserved is his intercourse with them, that amidst the acquaintances of a day, he may imagine himself surrounded by the friends of his youth—the companions of his childhood. The city is at this period nearly deserted; and all who can, fly to the country, to enjoy a few days of relaxation in social intercourse with their relatives and friends. The sports of the field are not neglected. The deer and the fox are roused from their lair, and in every direction may be heard the deep bay of the

hounds, and "the huntsman winding his horn." I shall never forget the festival. Amid the lights and shadows of life, I shall look back on this period, as one of those green spots in the field of memory, on which the mind delights to dwell."

We have received the 4th number of the *Hermethenean*, conducted by an association of the students of Washington College, Hartford. It will bear a comparison with either of the former numbers.

The name of the Hartford Anti Masonic Intelligencer has been changed to the "Free Elector." It is to be edited by Myron Holley, Esq., a gentleman of fine talents, who will doubtless make it an interesting paper.

The Buffalo Literary Inquirer has entered upon its second volume. It has been considerably enlarged, and is hereafter to be published weekly. It merits support, and we trust receives it.

Wisdom in the Wilderness.

BY MRS. GODMAN.

If the vain hopes from boyhood cherish'd
Have pass'd like a vision away;
If the flowers in thy path have perish'd,
If thy star hath withdrawn its ray,
Go where the hill stream rushes,—
Go where the wild bird sings;
Go where the clear well gushes
Far from the courts of kings.

If the false friend, thy warm heart trusted,
Hath fled thee in sorrows dark night—
If thy soul, like a sword that's rusted,
Hath lost all its glory and might—
Go where the tall pines quiver
Bright in the desert air;
Muse by the lonely river—
Thou'lt find contentment there.

If the maiden whose faith was plighted,
Hath broken her vows to thee—
Or the wife of thy bosom requited
Thy love with inconstancy—
Go—forget wrong and sadness,
Where the fawns on the hill-tops play,
Their bright eyes, beaming gladness,
Shall charm all care away.

If that world in its wisdom blame thee,
Whose flatteries were long believed—
If the prince thou hast served disclaim thee,
By slanderous tongues deceived—
Go, thou despised one, hasten,
Far from the factious brood;
Go—disappointment shall chasten
Thy spirit in solitude.

An Arabian merchant, having hired a waterman's boat, refused to pay the freightage. The waterman, in a violent passion, appealed several times to the governor of Mashat for justice; the governor as often ordered him to come again; but observing him one day present his petition with coolness, he immediately granted his suit. The waterman, surprised at this conduct, demanded the reason why he did not sooner grant his petition. "Because said the judge, 'you were always drunk when I saw you.'" But the waterman declaring he had not been overtaken with wine for several years, the judge replied, "the drunkenness with which you were overtaken, is the most dangerous of all—it is the drunkenness of anger."

LOVELL'S FOLLY.—The North American Magazine for December, thus concludes a notice of Mrs. Hentz's Novel:

"We have read Mrs. Hentz's novel with interest, pleasure and profit; it breathes the benign spirit of a gentle and feeling heart, that sympathizes with all their the works of the glorious Deity, and loves to impart its affections and its thoughts. An analysis of the plot would necessarily lessen the interest of the reader in the narrative; and we desire that others may enjoy this truly delightful work as we have enjoyed it. There is nothing foreign, flip-pant, or hackney about it; every thing is American—and we thank Mrs. Hentz for a book as signally characterized by national spirit, as it by the love of all that is magnanimous and exalting."

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck-handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and a doing.

She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people, visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business.

She compels the people to dress gaily whether upon their own property or that of others; whether agreeable to the word of God, or the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life, and occasions premature death.

She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, and an enemy of religion, and no one can be her companion, and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants black and white, voluntarily have become her obedient servants and slaves and vie with one another, to see who shall be most obsequious.

ANECDOTE.—We were amused not long since at hearing the following question addressed to a landlady by an eccentric genius of our town. Stepping into the door, he observed, "Will you, mam, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay to night." We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in the same number of words.

Married,

In Trinity Church, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Mr. George A. Kimberly to Miss Louisa Jones, both of this city.

In Guilford, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Samuel Bishop to Miss Sarah Parmele, both of this city.

In this city, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. John G. Phelps, of Georgia, to Mrs. Eliza Ann Hodges, of Albany.

Died,

In this city, on the 11th inst. Mr. Josiah Canfield, aged 40. His death was occasioned by his horse running away with him, which threw him out of his wagon.

At Fair Haven, Mr. James Pardee, aged 39.

In Boston, Rev. Ebenezer Iresen, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 34.

In Harwinton, Mr. Joel C. Packard, aged 21.

In Essex Mr. Josiah Gladding aged 67.

In Meriden Mrs. Agnes Hull, aged 60.

In Farmington Miss Julia Cowles, aged 14.

Fancy Articles &c.

THE subscriber has for sale at No. 123 Chapel Street directly opposite Central Row, a great variety of Fancy Articles, recently received from New York, such as Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Pencil Cases, Bronze, Steel and Wood Screw Cushions, Pocket Books, Souvenirs, Albums, Bead, Leather and Silk Purses, Card Cases, Porcelain Tablets, Fancy Inkstands, Fancy Boxes, Perfumery and Fashionable Games.

FRED'K CROSWELL.

New Haven, Jan. 4, 1834.

COMPOUND TOOTH LOTION.

FOR cleansing the teeth, and mouth, and removing a disordered state of the gums; also, giving a peculiar sweetness to the breath, by J. B. WHEAT, Surgeon Dentist, New Haven.

This wash, when judiciously used, will be found exceedingly useful to the Teeth, producing a healthy state of the gums, and is almost indispensable in treating diseases of the soft parts about the mouth. It will exert no pernicious influence upon the teeth; but is very beneficial in removing an irritable state of them.—It stands pre-eminently above all other kinds in use—it has high recommendations from the first physicians and dentists in the country—some of them professors in the medical department in Yale College, to whom we have the liberty of referring. We deem it not necessary here to give the recommendations in full, as they will be found on handbills and labels accompanying the wash. The best test of its merit is its use.

We refer to Professor Silliman, Doct. T. P. Beers, Professors in the medical department of Yale College; Docts. V. M. Dow, and D. H. Moore, M. D.'s of New Haven; Doct. D. C. Ambler, M. D., Dentist, New York—besides many others, whose opinions are valuable.

Sold wholesale and retail, by

SMITH & TROWBRIDGE,

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Oct. 12.

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THE LITERARY TABLET

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G. M. BUCKINGHAM.

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Persons sending letters or communications by mail, must pay the postage thereon.